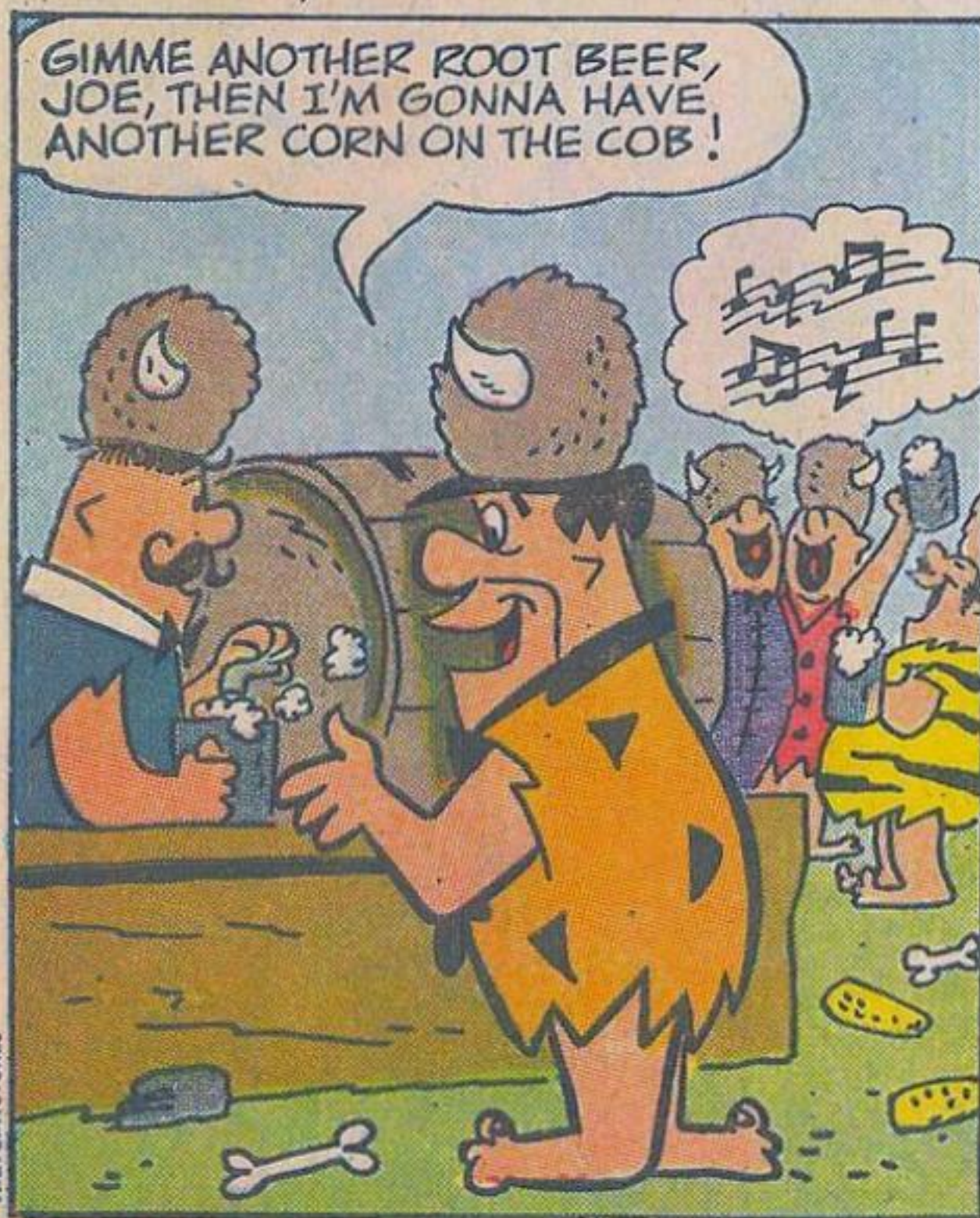




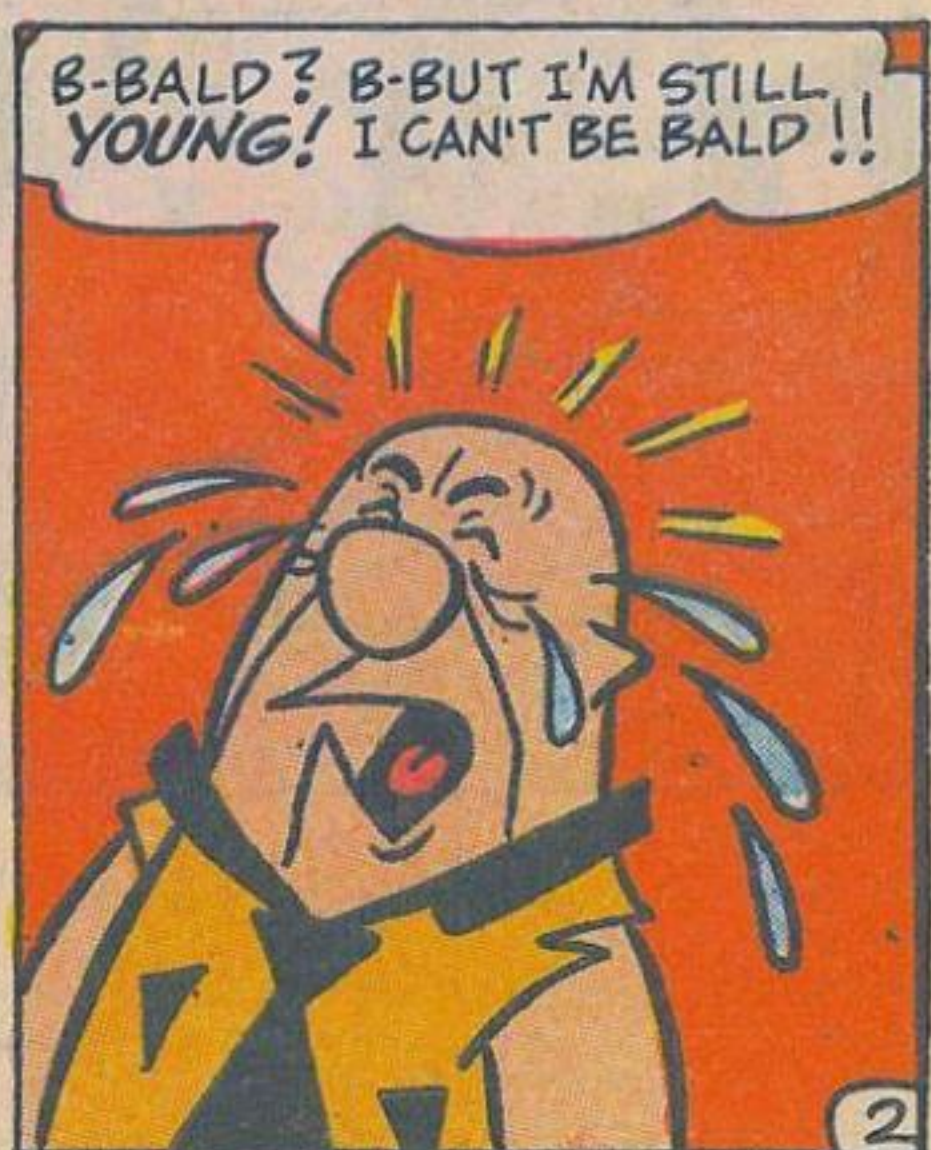
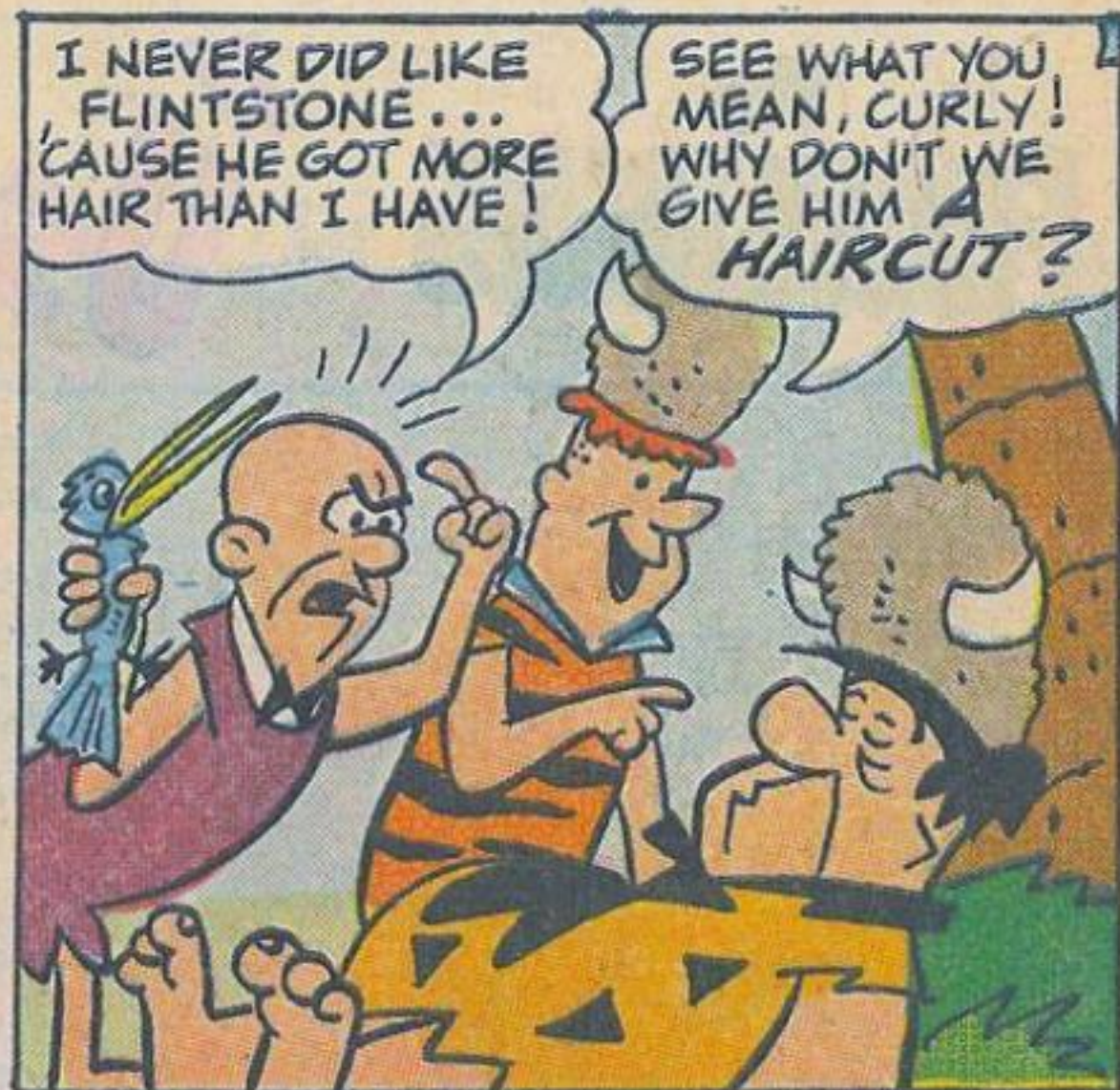
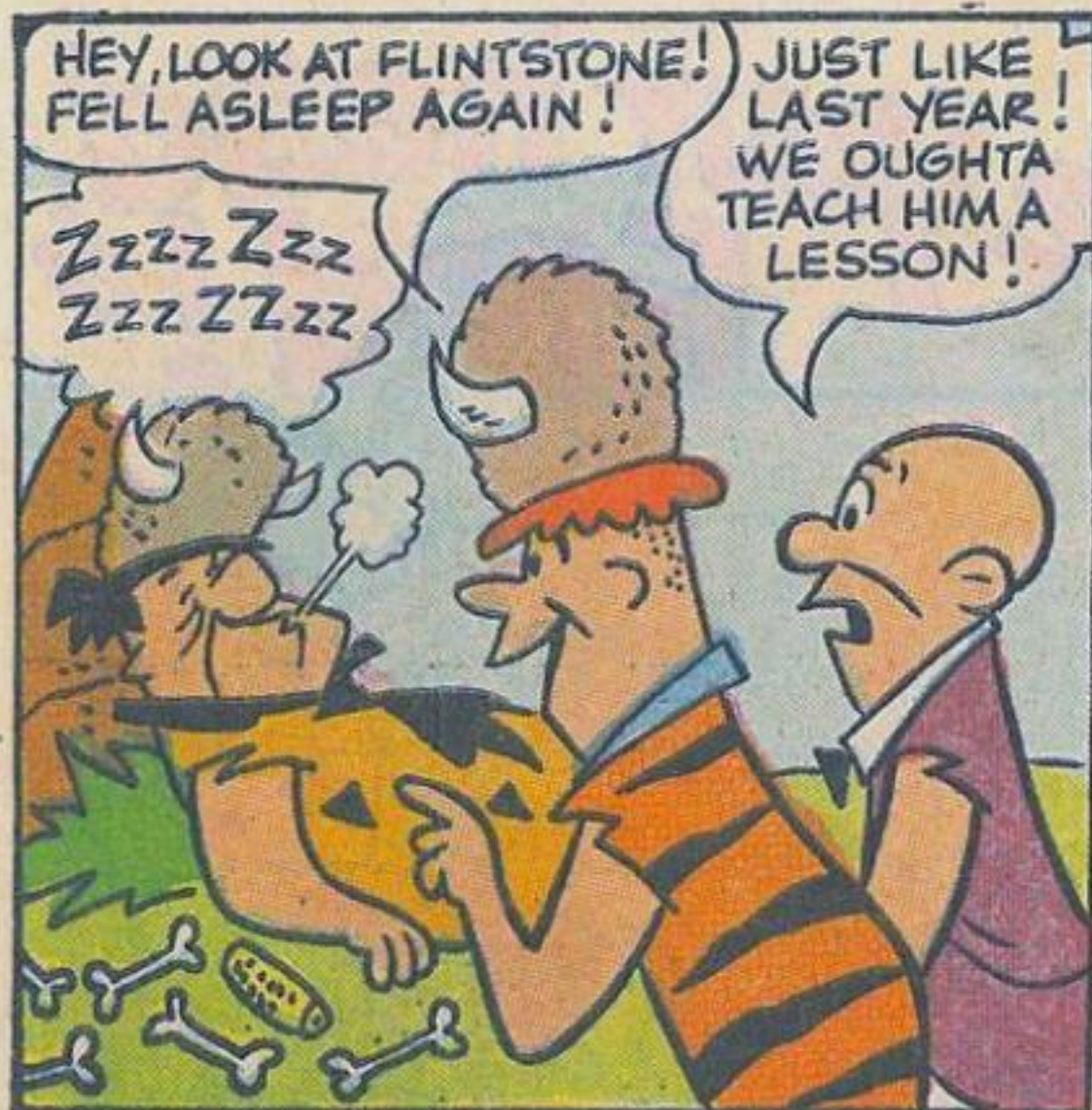
RAY  
DIEGO



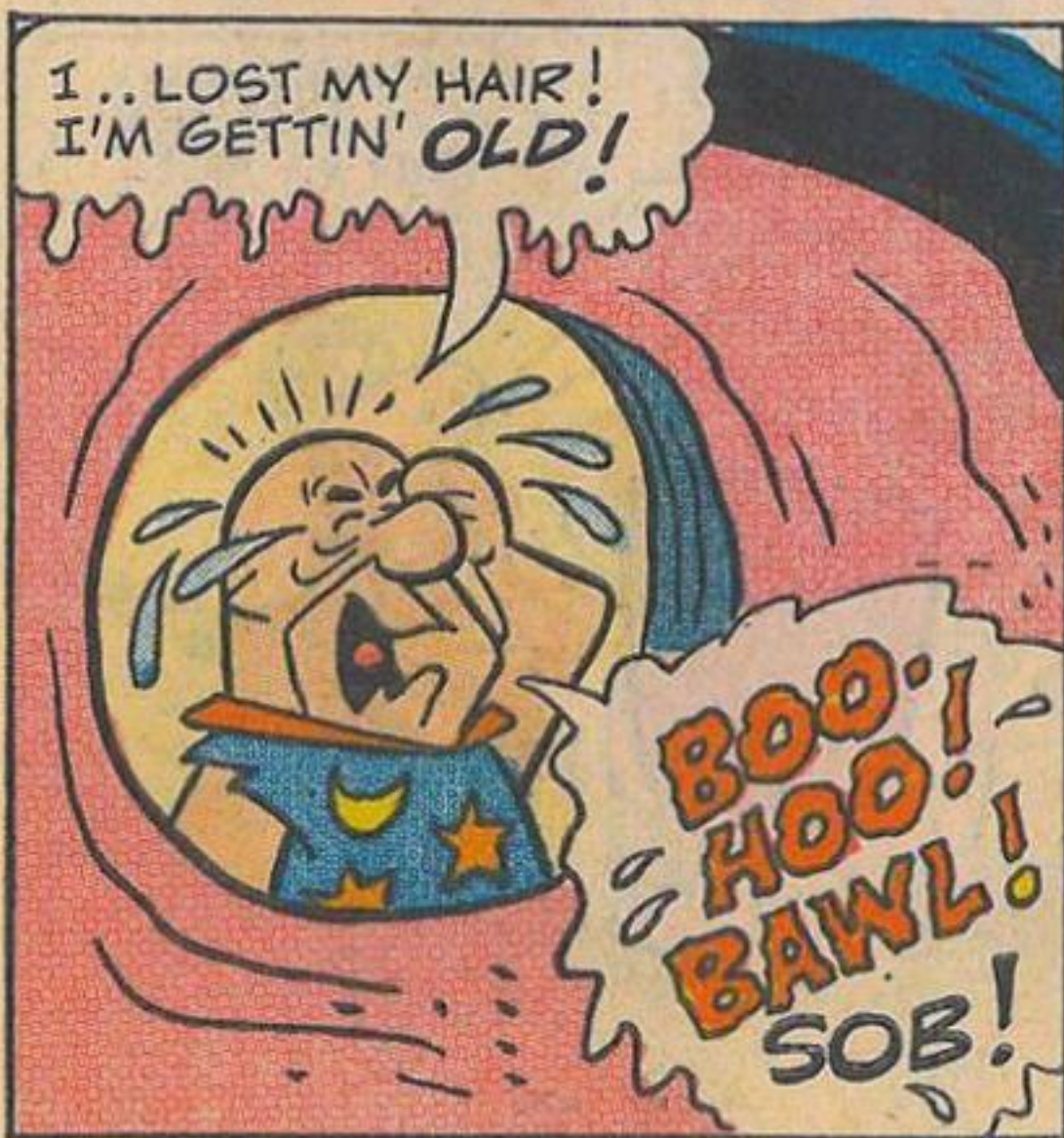
# The FLINTSTONES in "Use your head Fred!!"



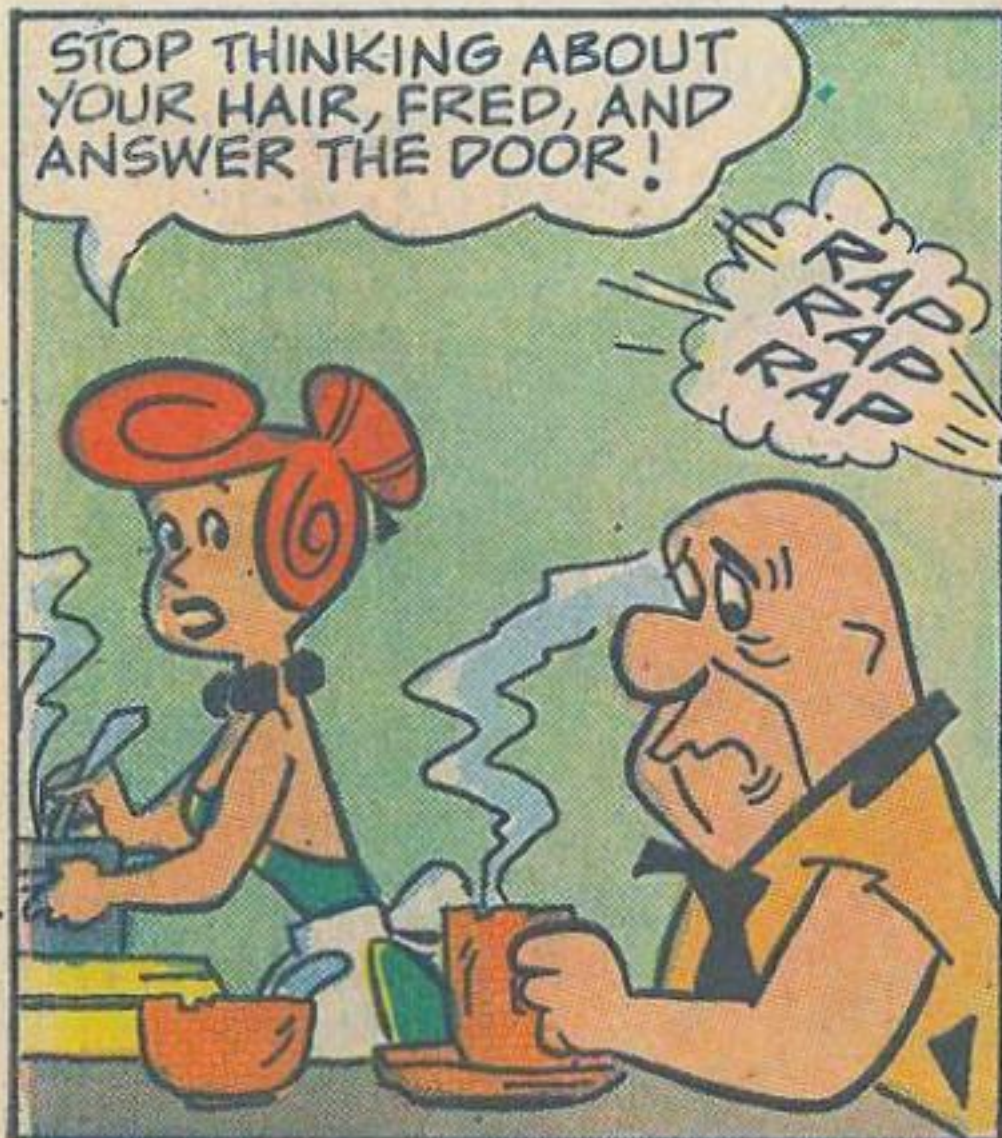




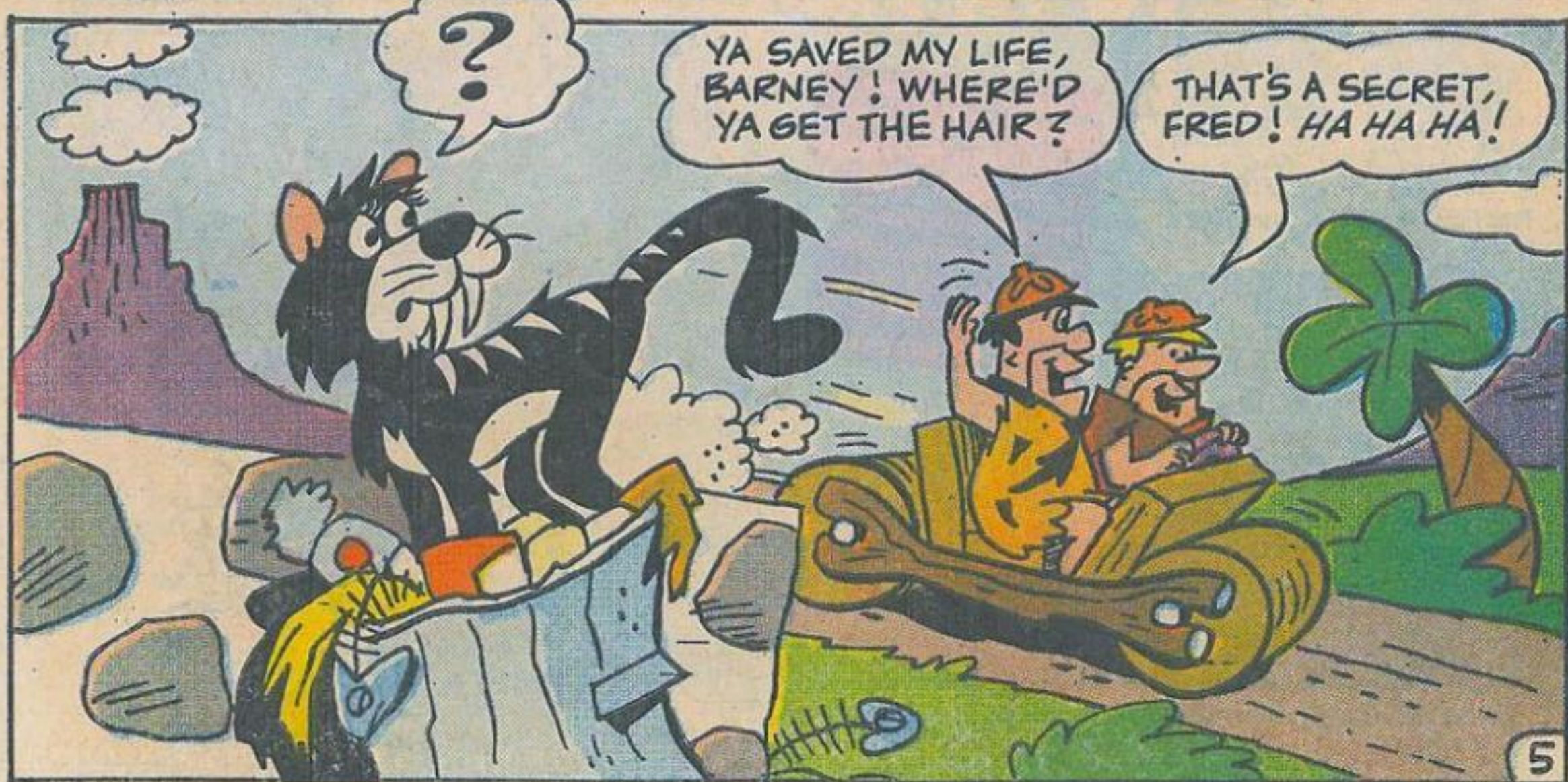








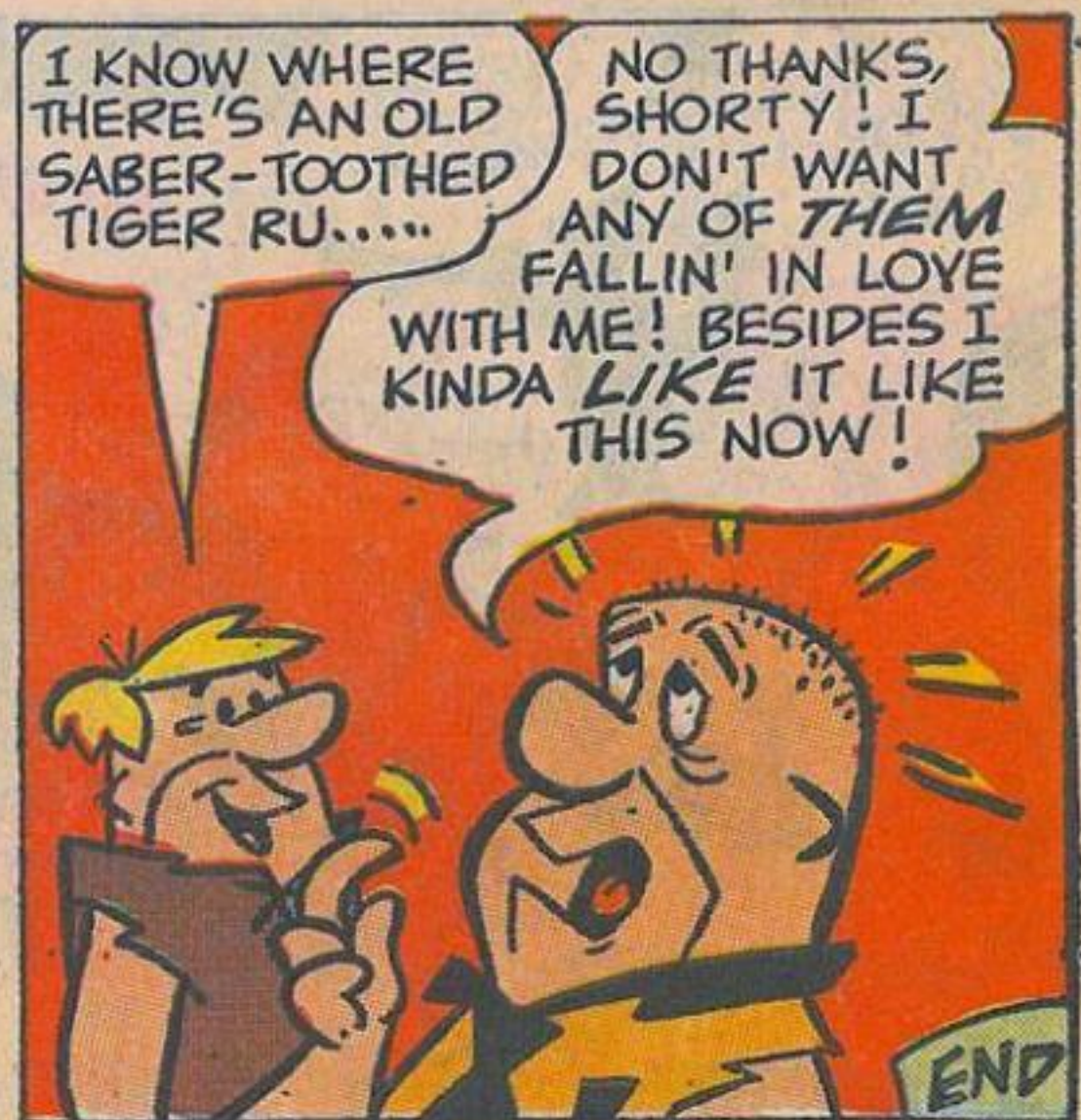
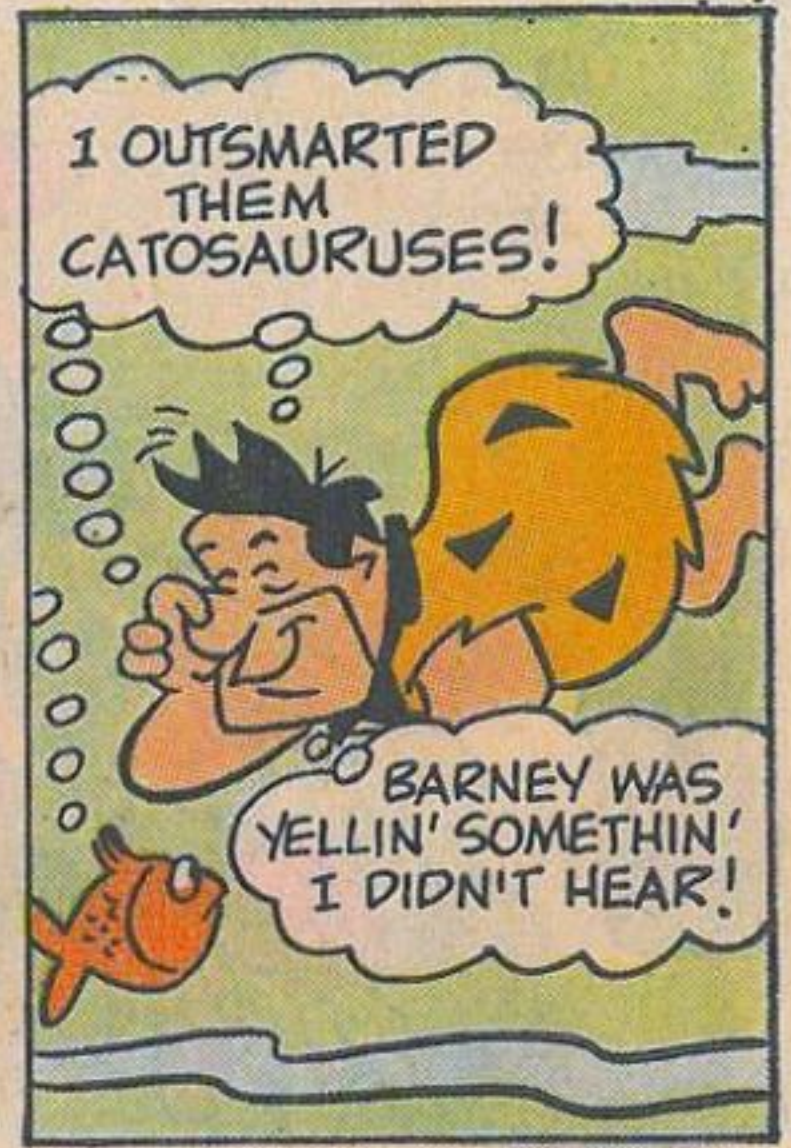








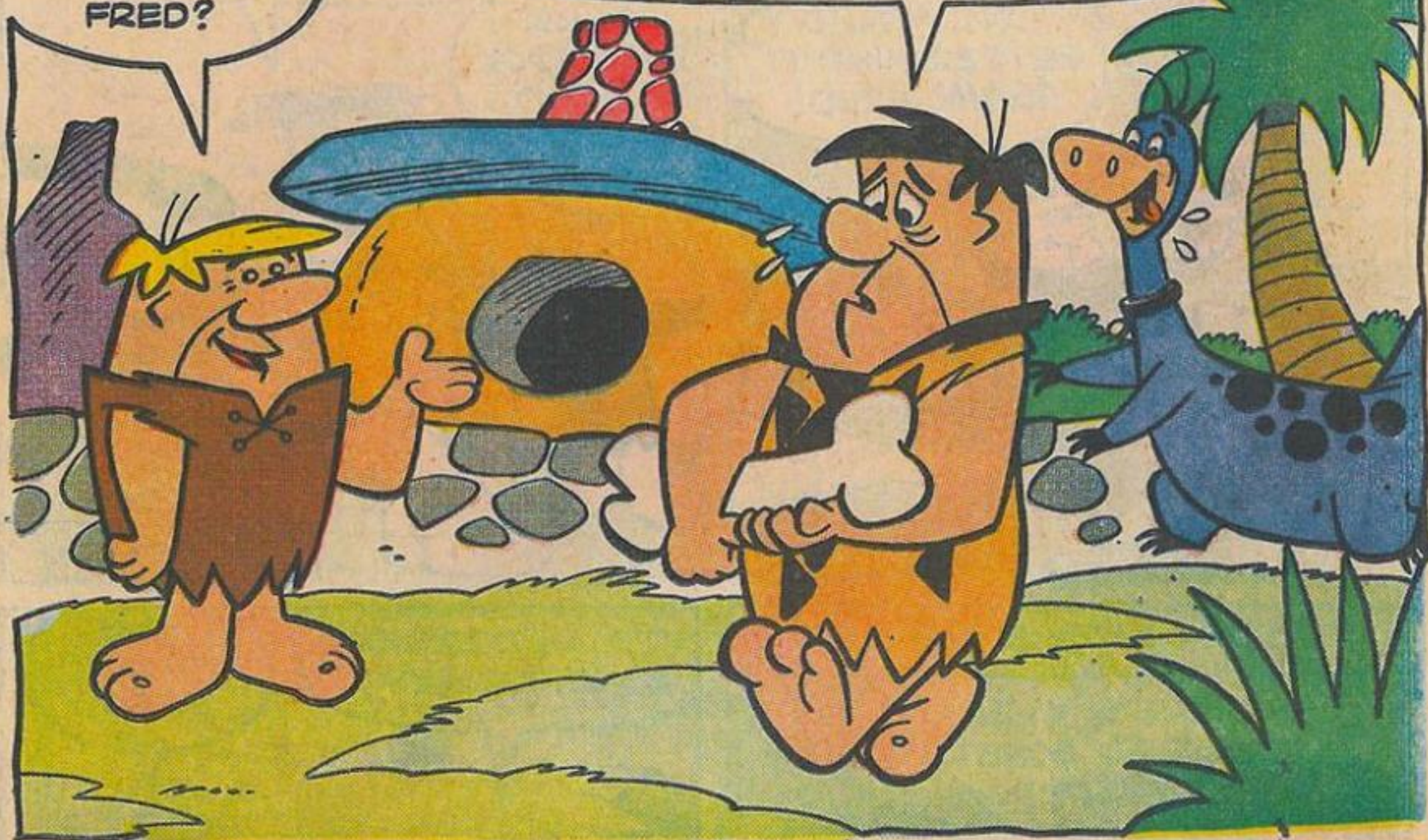






UH...  
WHAT'S THAT,  
FRED?

THIS IS A VERY RARE FOSSIL, A BONE  
FROM THE EXTINCT WOTTASAURUS!



**THE  
FLINTSTONES**

**"YOU DIG, DINO?"**

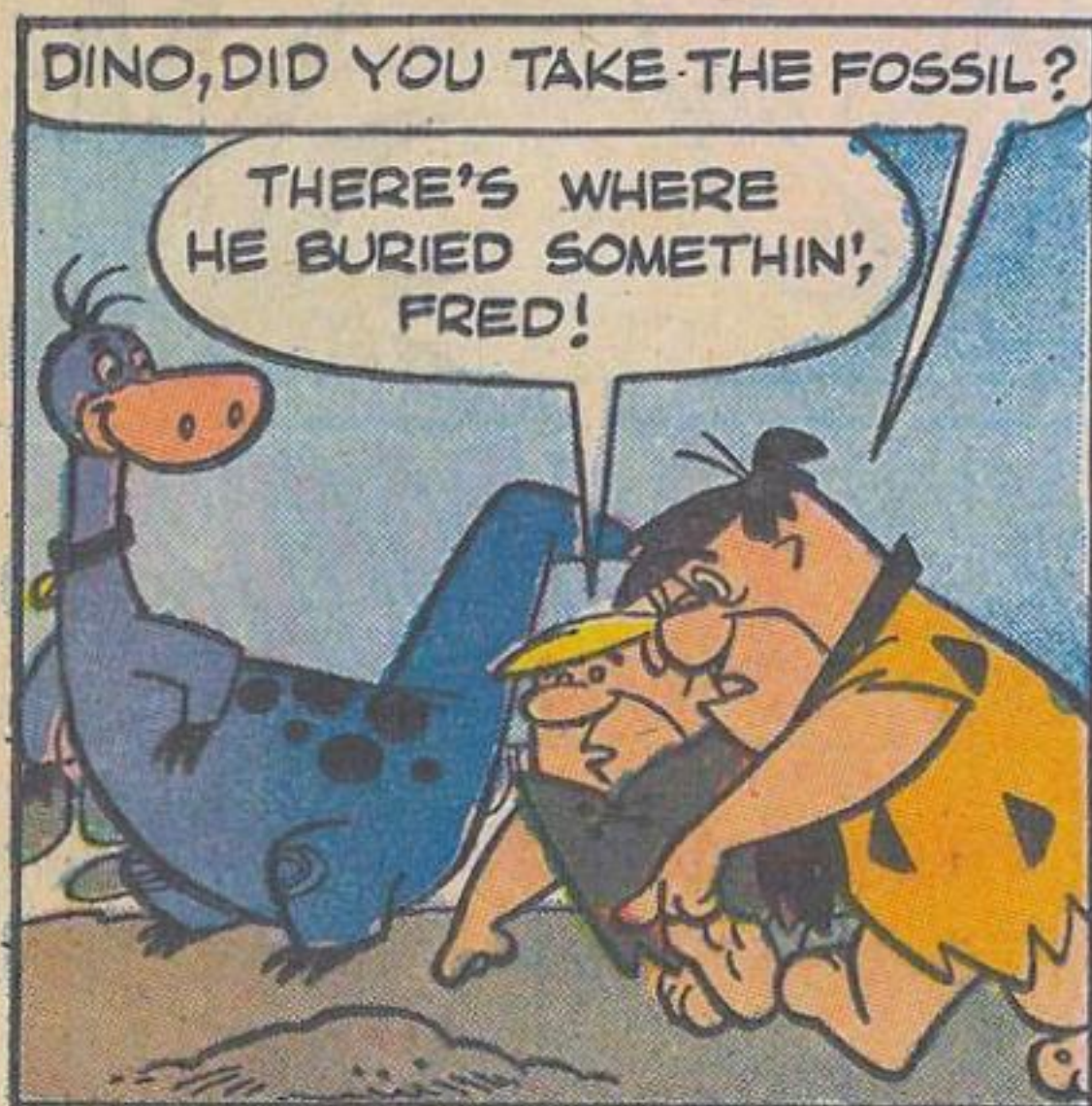
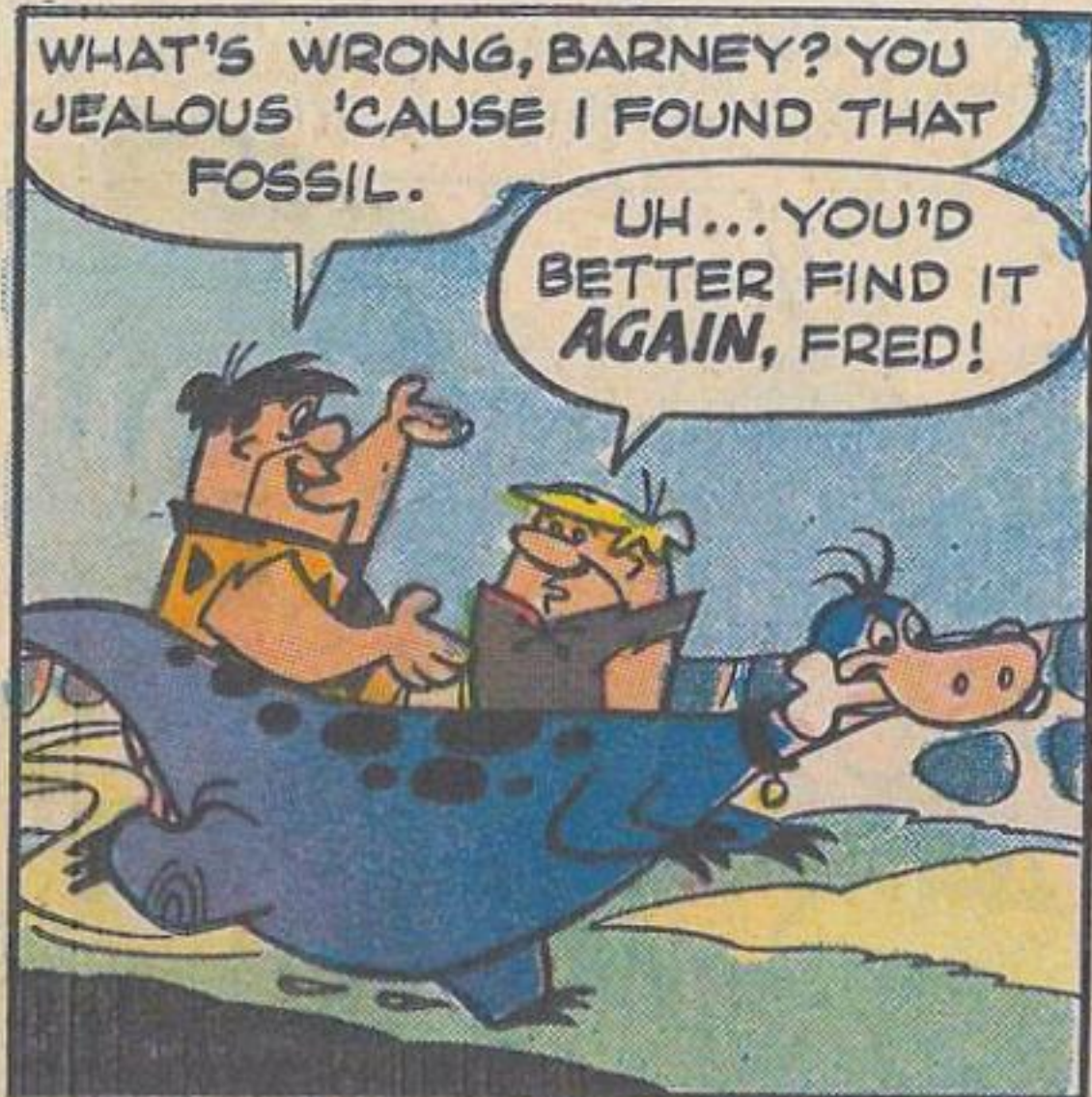
THAT RARE FOSSIL BONE IS  
WORTH LOTS OF MONEY! I'M  
GONNA BE **RICH!**



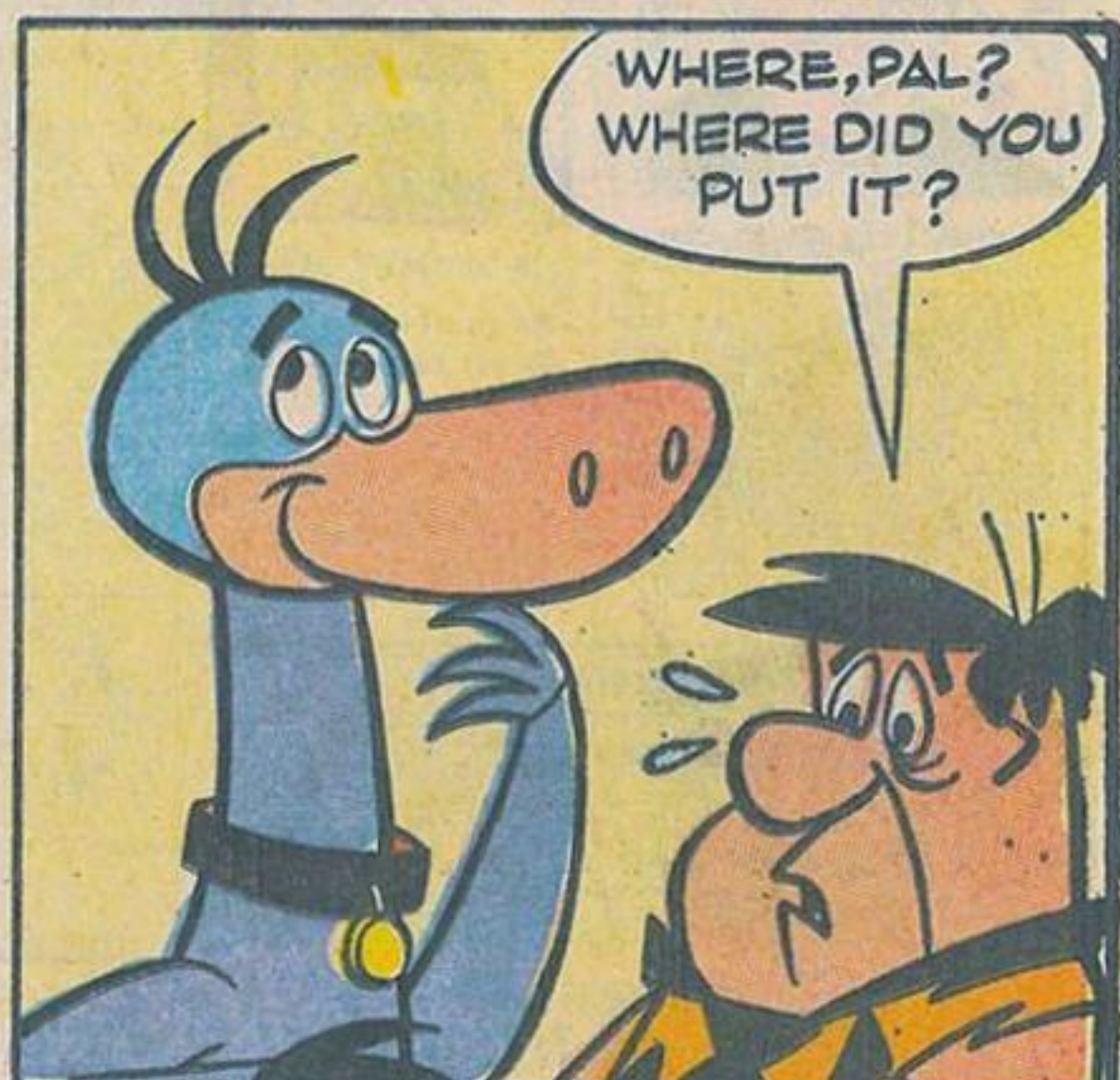
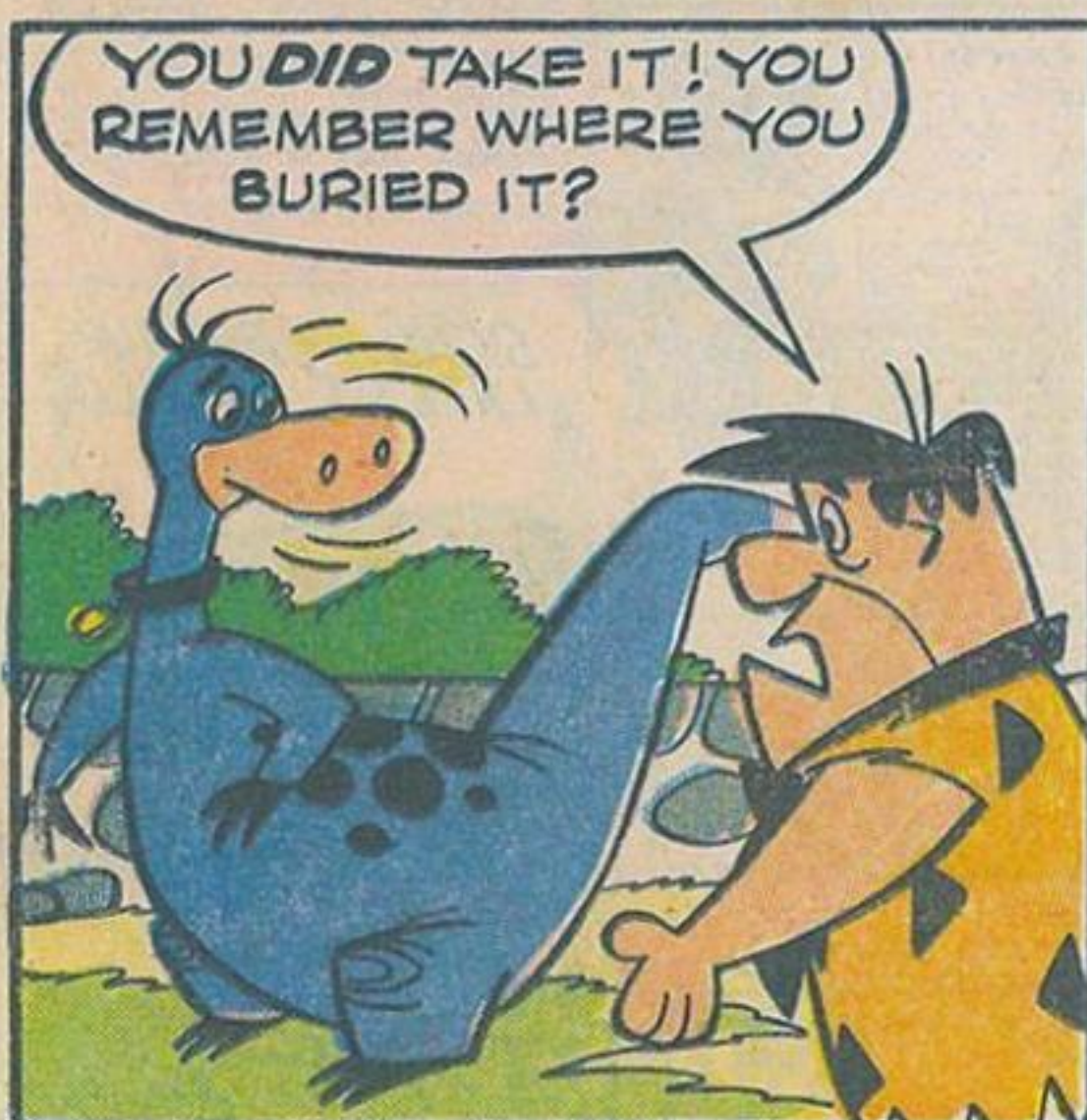
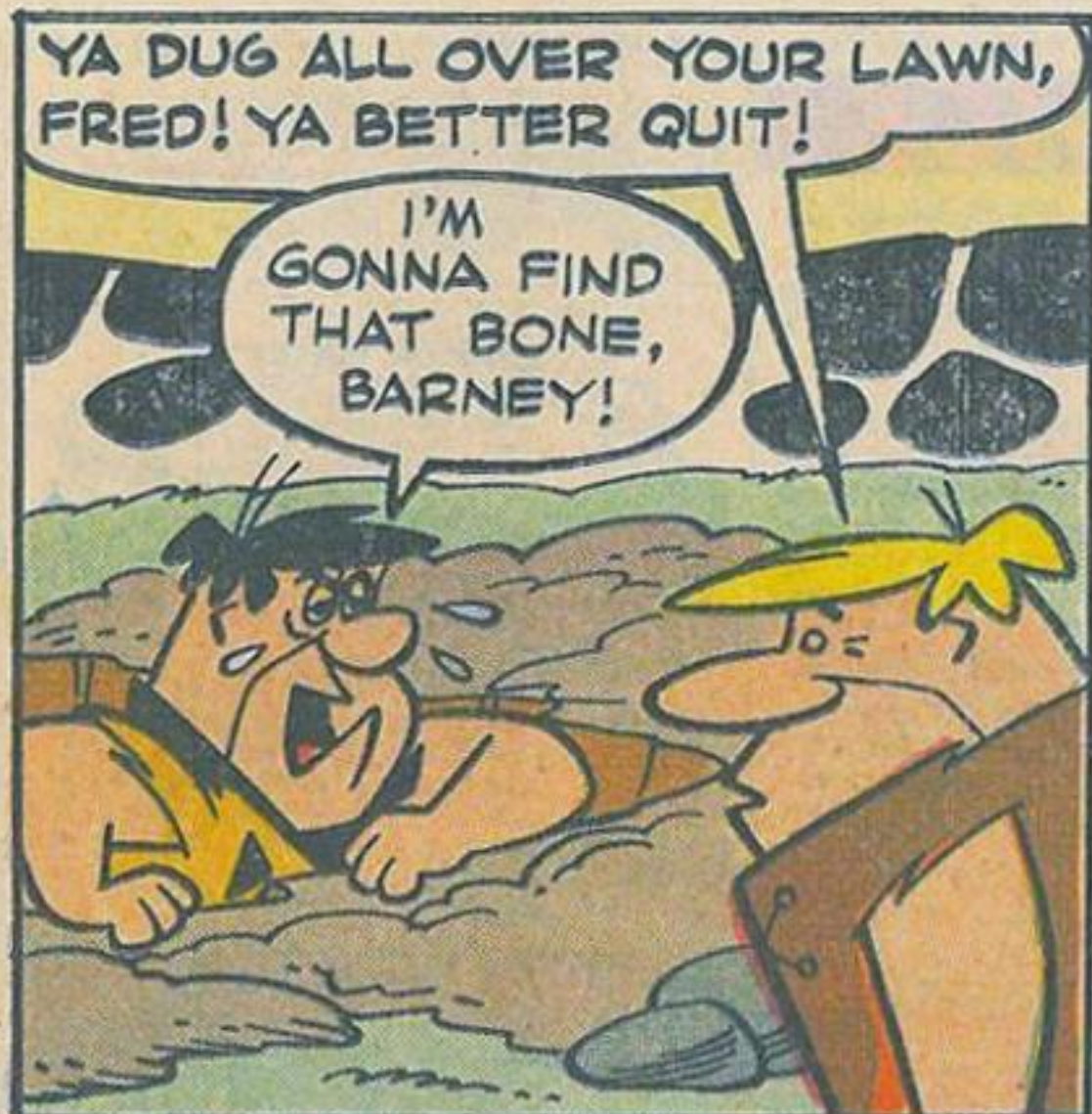
**YABBA-DABBA-DOO!**









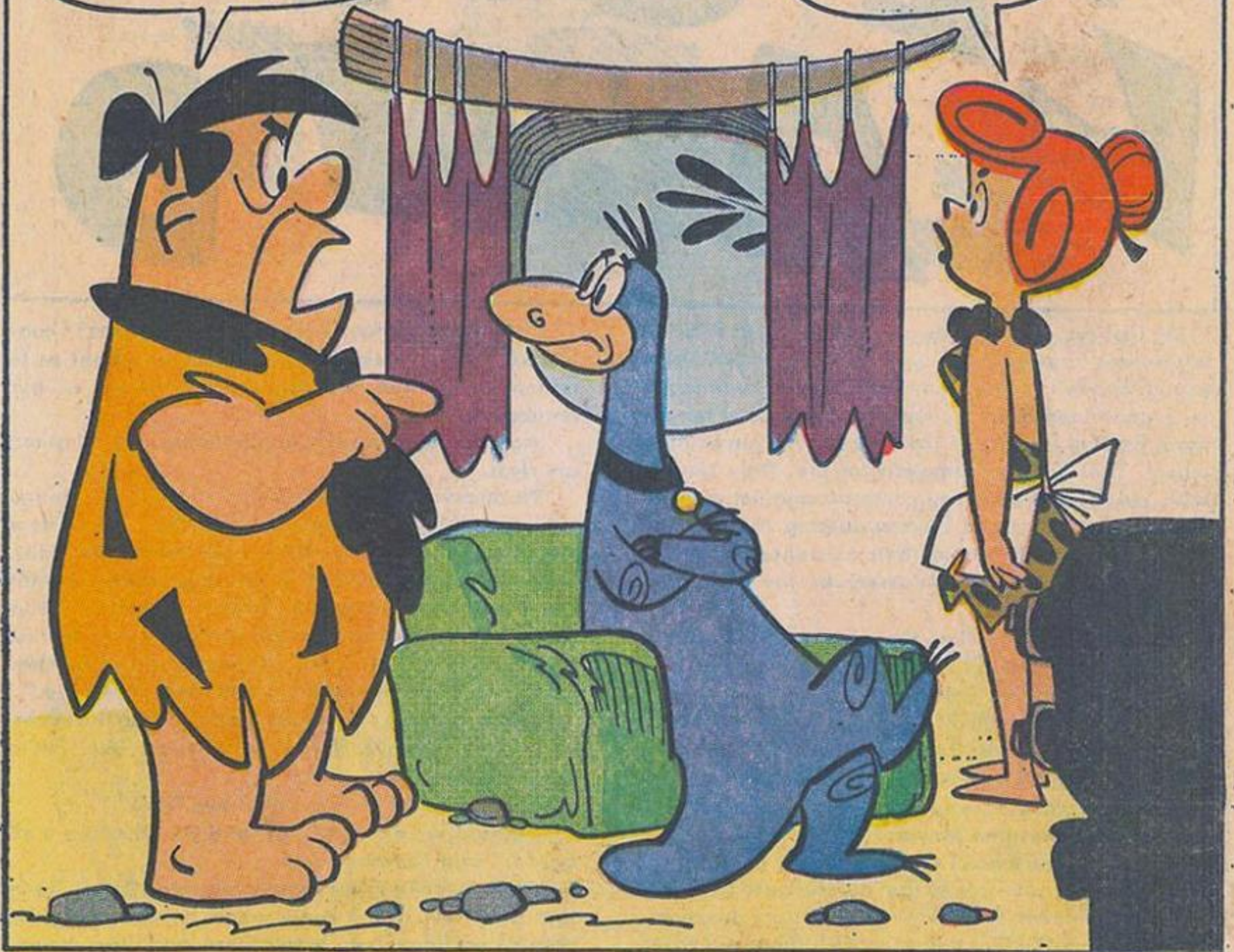




# DINO in "OUSTED"

GET OUT OF MY  
CHAIR, DUM-DUM!

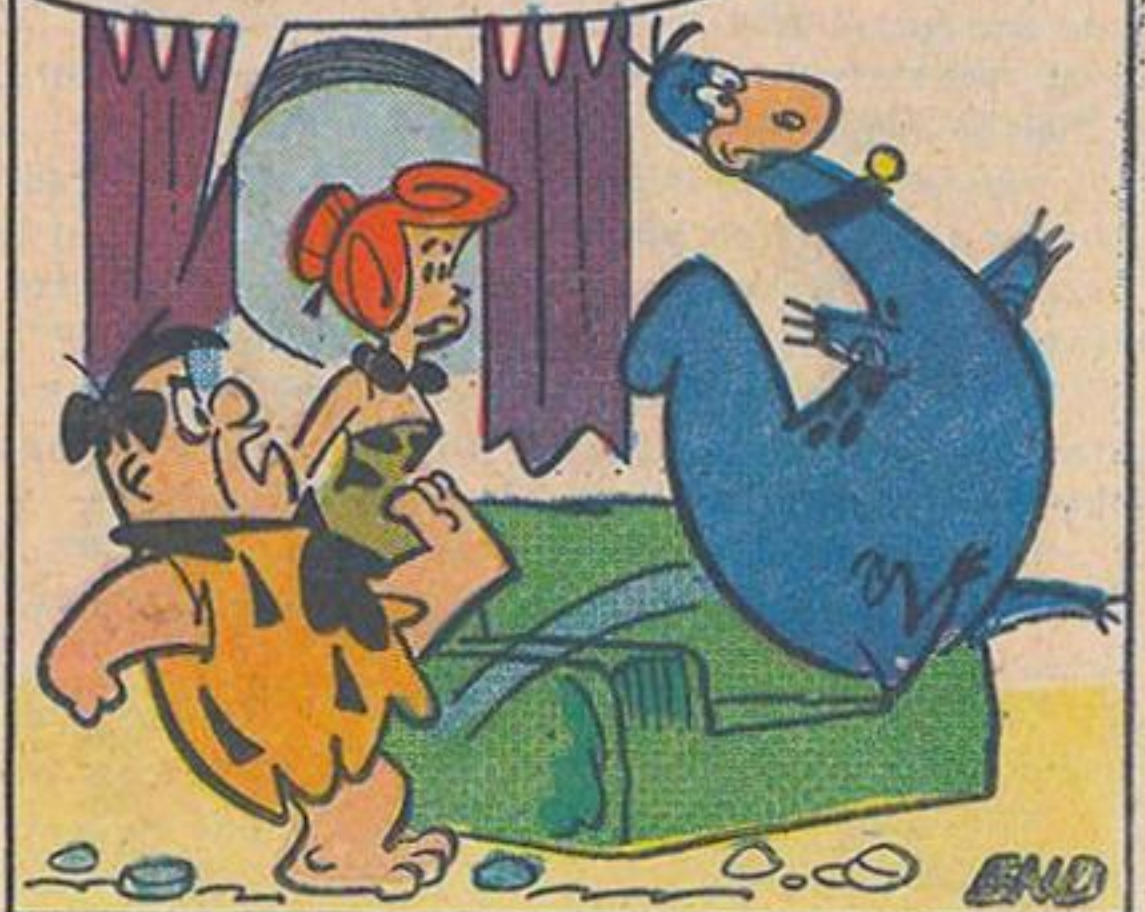
FRED! DON'T  
BE SO MEAN!



DON'T FORGET,  
DINOSAURS WERE  
ON EARTH BEFORE  
MAN SO DINO REALLY  
HAS MORE RIGHT TO  
SIT THERE THAN  
YOU HAVE!

YEAH....I  
SUPPOSE  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT  
WHEN YOU  
PUT IT  
THAT  
WAY!

BUT DINOSAURS ARE  
HARD TO SYMPATHIZE  
WITH FOR VERY LONG!





# LESSON LEARNED

My first appointment as a teacher was to P. S. 36 which was located on the west side of our city. I was young, and full of energy and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher in my chosen profession. I taught there for five years and then went to a junior high school. That was a promotion for me. Only trouble with teaching is that you come up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You were never taught about their existence or how to handle them by the professors in the education courses.

At our monthly meeting, the principal told us about a special lesson we all had to teach our students.

"Two days before Columbus Day you will devote one half hour about the life and significance of Columbus. I want this lesson to take place at 10:30 in the morning. We may have some special visitors from the 'Columbus' Society, also our Superintendent of schools, and perhaps even the Mayor."

So I prepared what I thought was a good lesson plan. The only trouble was that my students had some ideas of their own. I asked this introductory question:

"What was the first thing that Columbus did when he planted one foot on the soil of the new world?"

Students looked at each other as though searching for the answer. Then Milton raised his hand.

"Christopher Columbus had to plant the other foot on the land. Otherwise, he would get tired standing on one foot."

So the class giggled. What could I do? He was right. Then Louise made her contribution to the lesson.

"Something is wrong with the question. I have lived in the country. You plant seeds in the ground. But I never heard that you could plant a leg. If he planted a leg, did he want to have legs grow in the new world?"

At that moment, I should have had enough sense to realize my lesson had been lost-taken away from me by the students. So I then asked this question.

"In what city was Christopher Columbus born?"

I called upon Jimmy to answer. He then popped a question at me.

"Teacher, tell me. Do you know the answer yourself?"

"Of course, I do," I replied showing evident anger in my voice.

"Then if you know the answer, why ask me?" continued Jimmy. "Just tell all of us. If you want us to remember it then we can write it down in our notebooks."

"Actually what was it that Columbus did?" I asked my class.

"He discovered the new world," shouted Benjamin.

"Impossible," contradicted Franklin. "The New World was there all the time. I can prove I am right. Suppose the Indians built a very big canoe-one that could go across the ocean. So they all get into this canoe and sail to Spain. If one Indian claimed he discovered Spain, the Spaniards would all deny this. Spain was there all the time. I am right, I tell you."

I was beginning to sweat. I really wished the lesson could have been over right then and there. But I had to make my point.

"Why do we celebrate Columbus Day?"

"Because we get a holiday, and the schools are all closed," said Norman.

"Doesn't make sense to me," objected Peter. "I say that Columbus didn't know where he was going. He didn't even know how to get there, and when he got there he didn't even know where he was."

Now I was ready to collapse. So I slumped down into my chair behind the desk. I was finished.

"How did the Indians greet Columbus?" asked Selma.

"Very briefly," replied Donald. "They merely said: 'Welcome to America, Christopher Columbus. Hope you had a pleasant journey.'"

The door opened, and some visitor came into the room. Then Marshal saved the day.

"I would like to add to our lesson that Christopher Columbus is alive today. He is a Lieutenant Commander in the Spanish Navy and a direct descendent of the great discoverer of the New World. He has a lot of titles such as Duke de Veragua and even Viceroy of the Indies. I met him when he was in Miami."

"Best lesson we have heard today," shouted one of the visitors. "This entire class will be our guests at the celebration. There'll be lots of cold drinks and cookies for them. I must congratulate the teacher."

So goes life in a classroom. Great if you don't weaken.



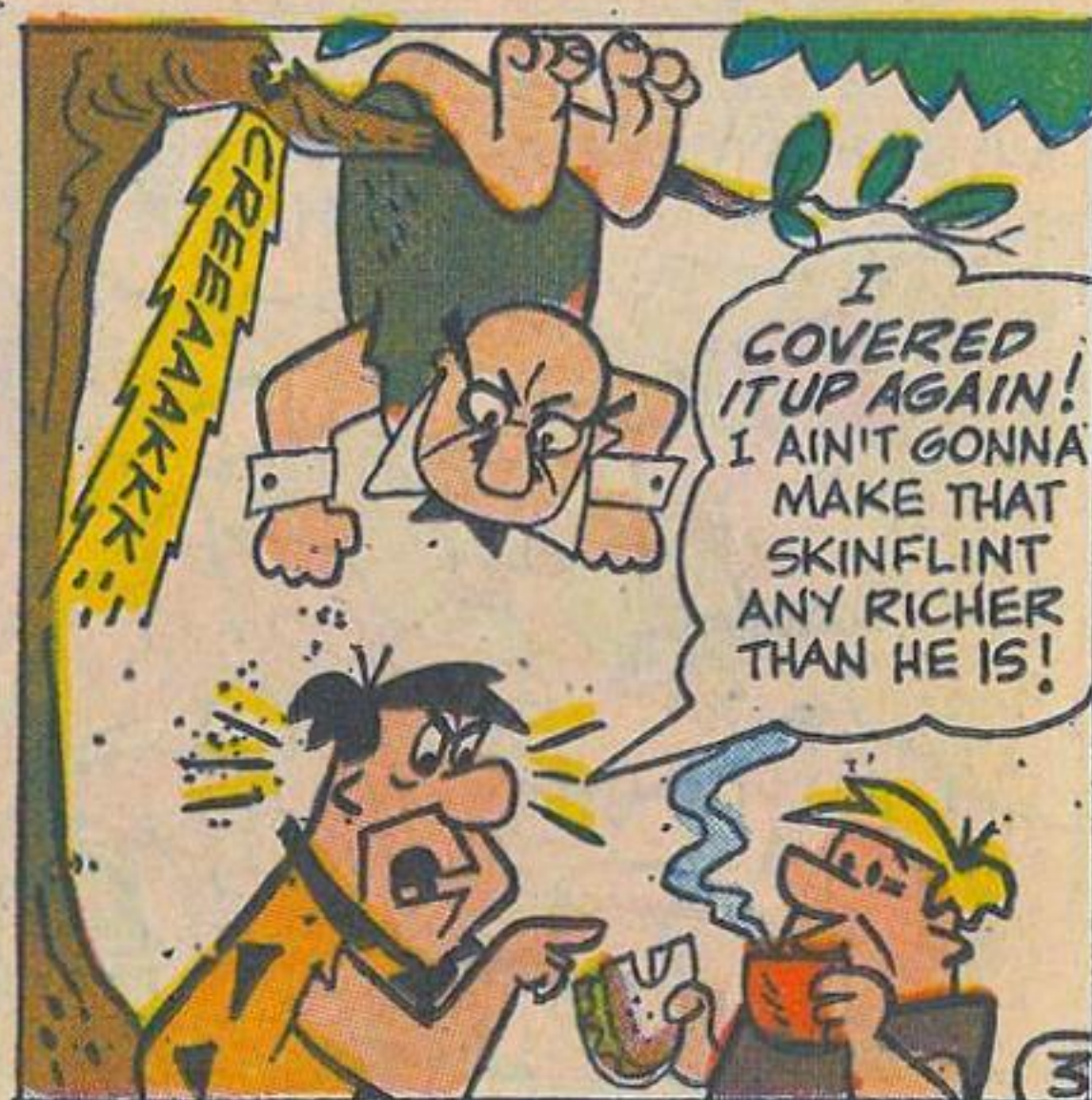
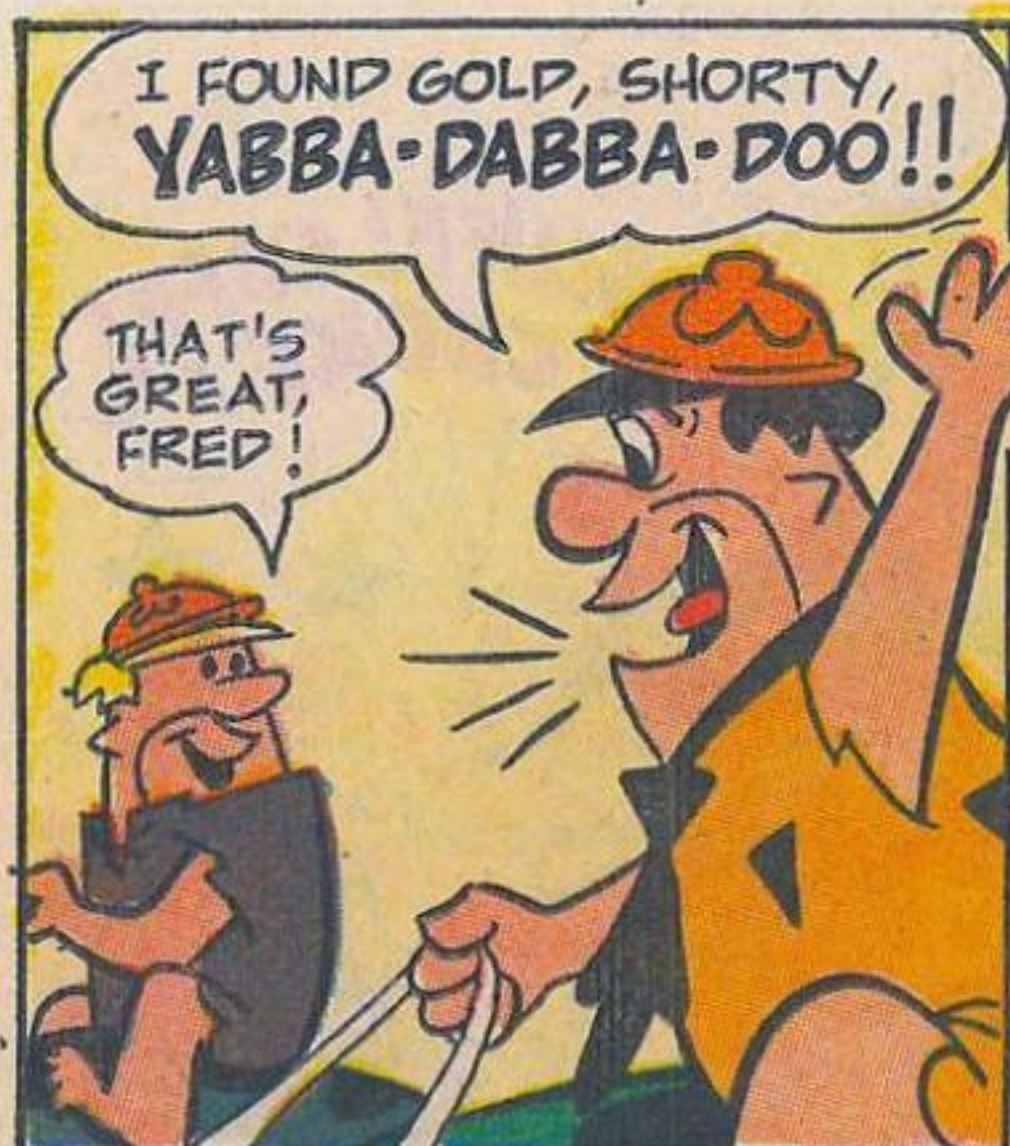
# The FLINTSTONES IN FINDERS WEEPERS!



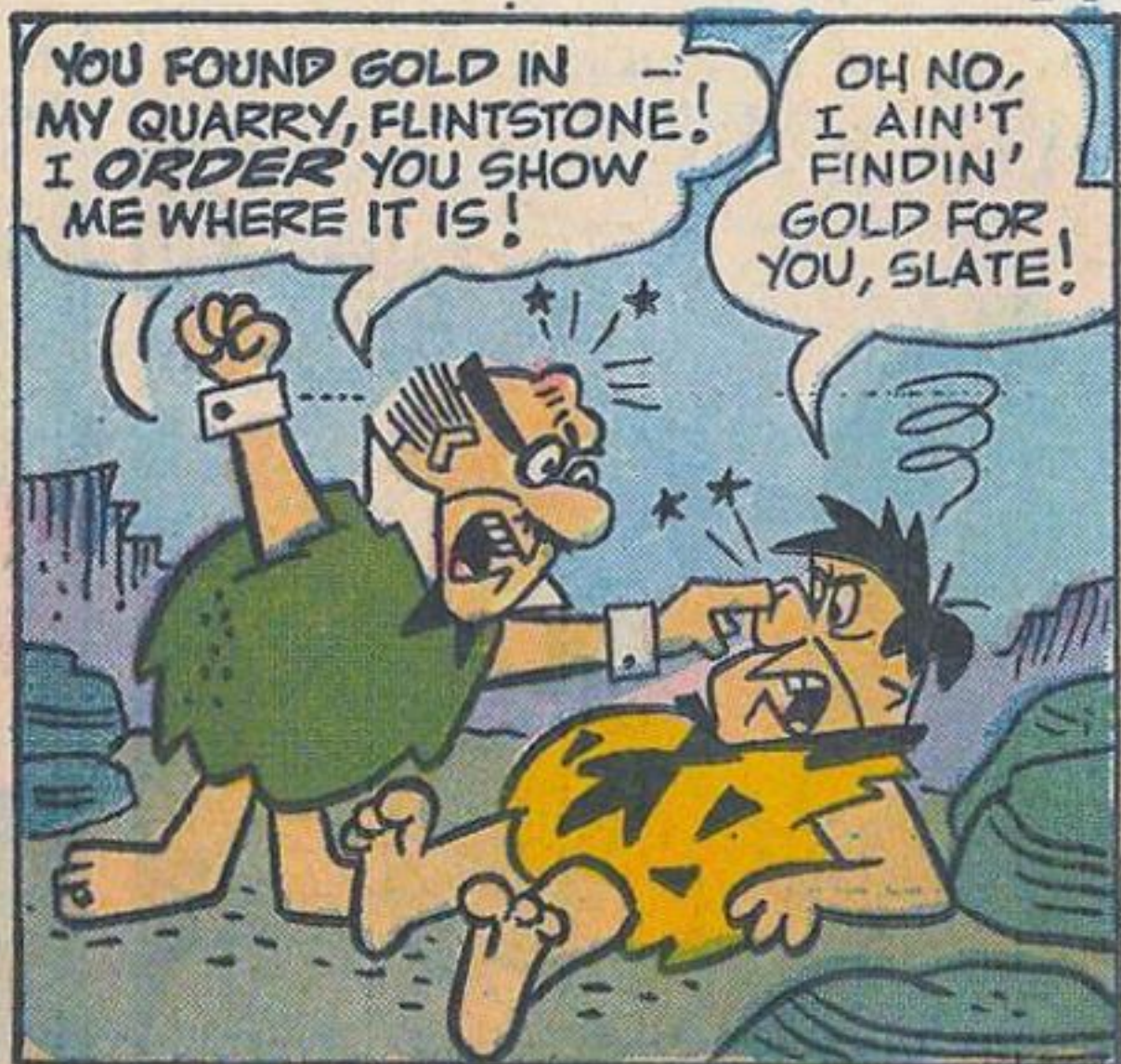










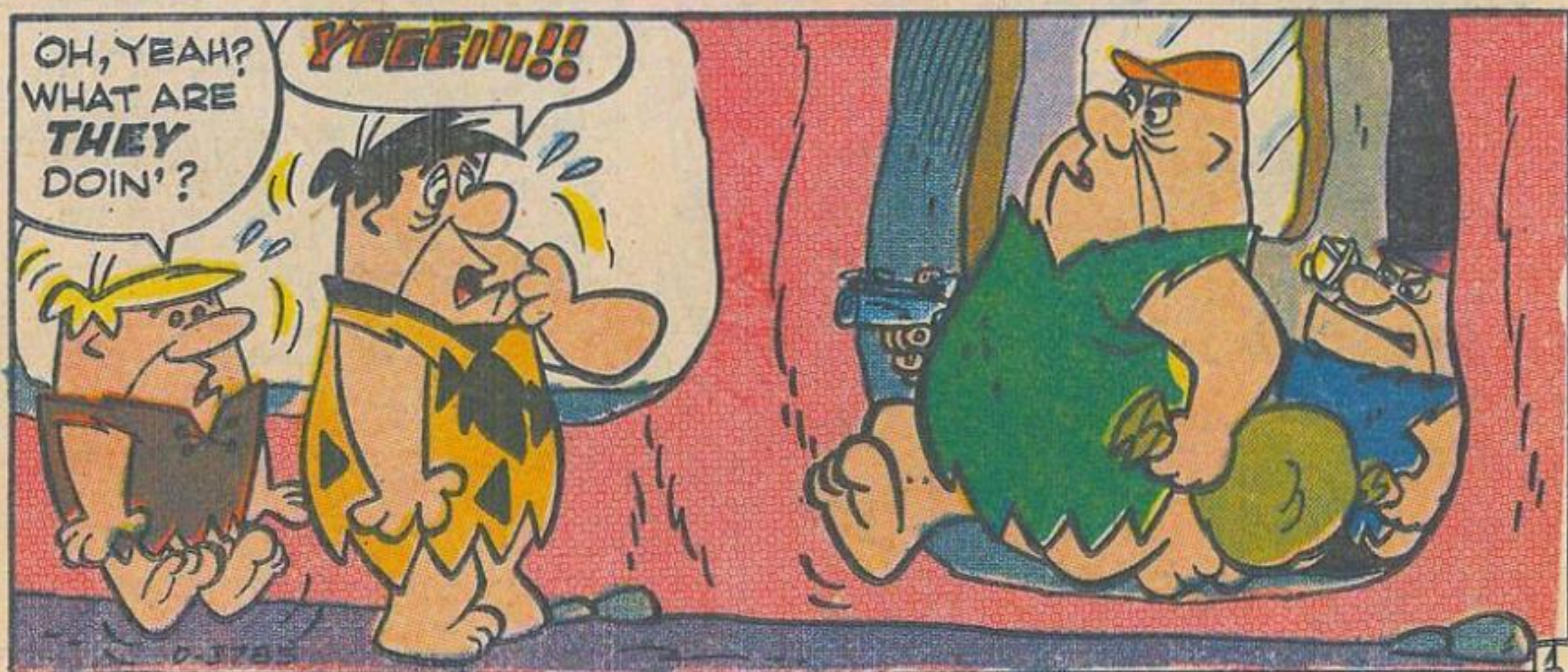
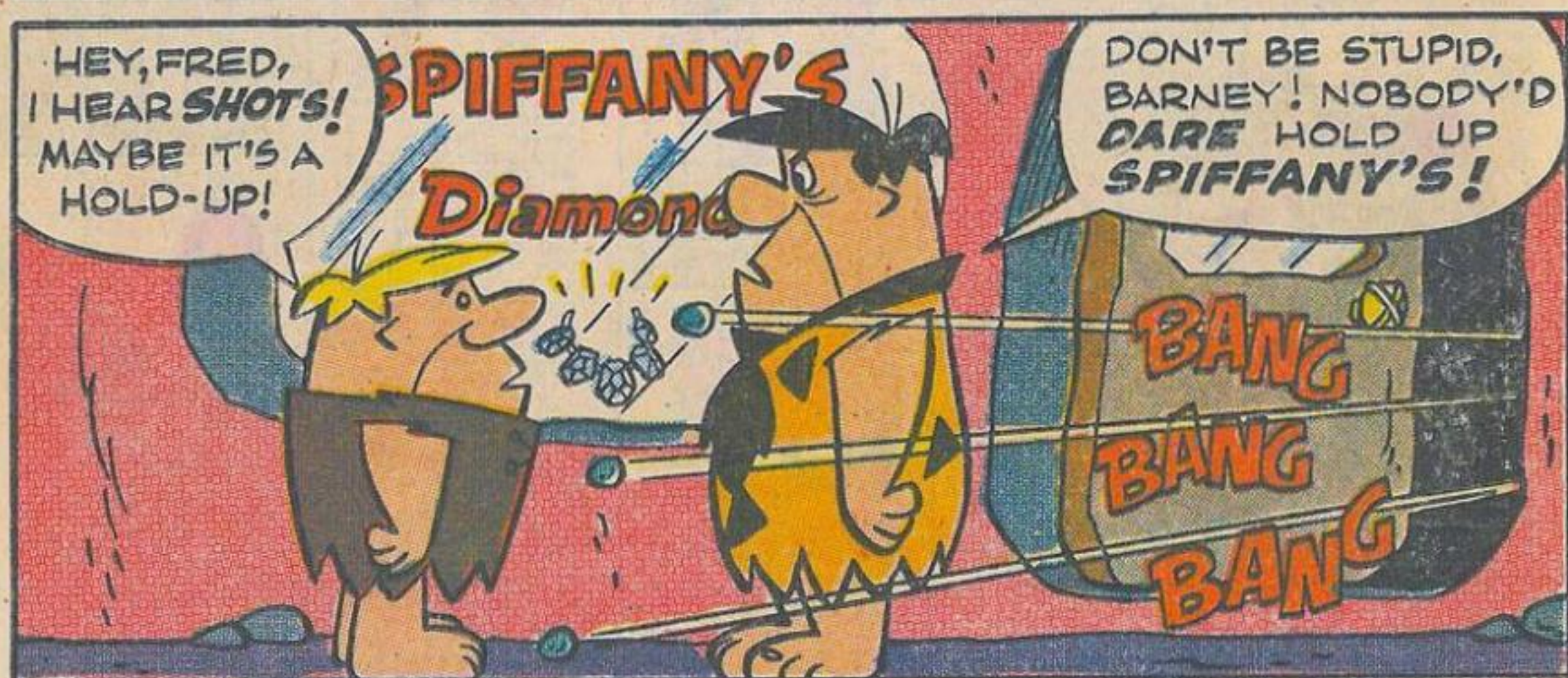








# THE CURSE OF THE THE FLINTSTONES HOPELESS DIAMOND





**OUTA THE WAY, STOOPID!**



ARE  
THEY  
GONE?

**I THINK  
SO!**



IF THERE'S ONE THING I  
CAN'T STAND, IT'S A CROOK!!



**CLUNNK!**

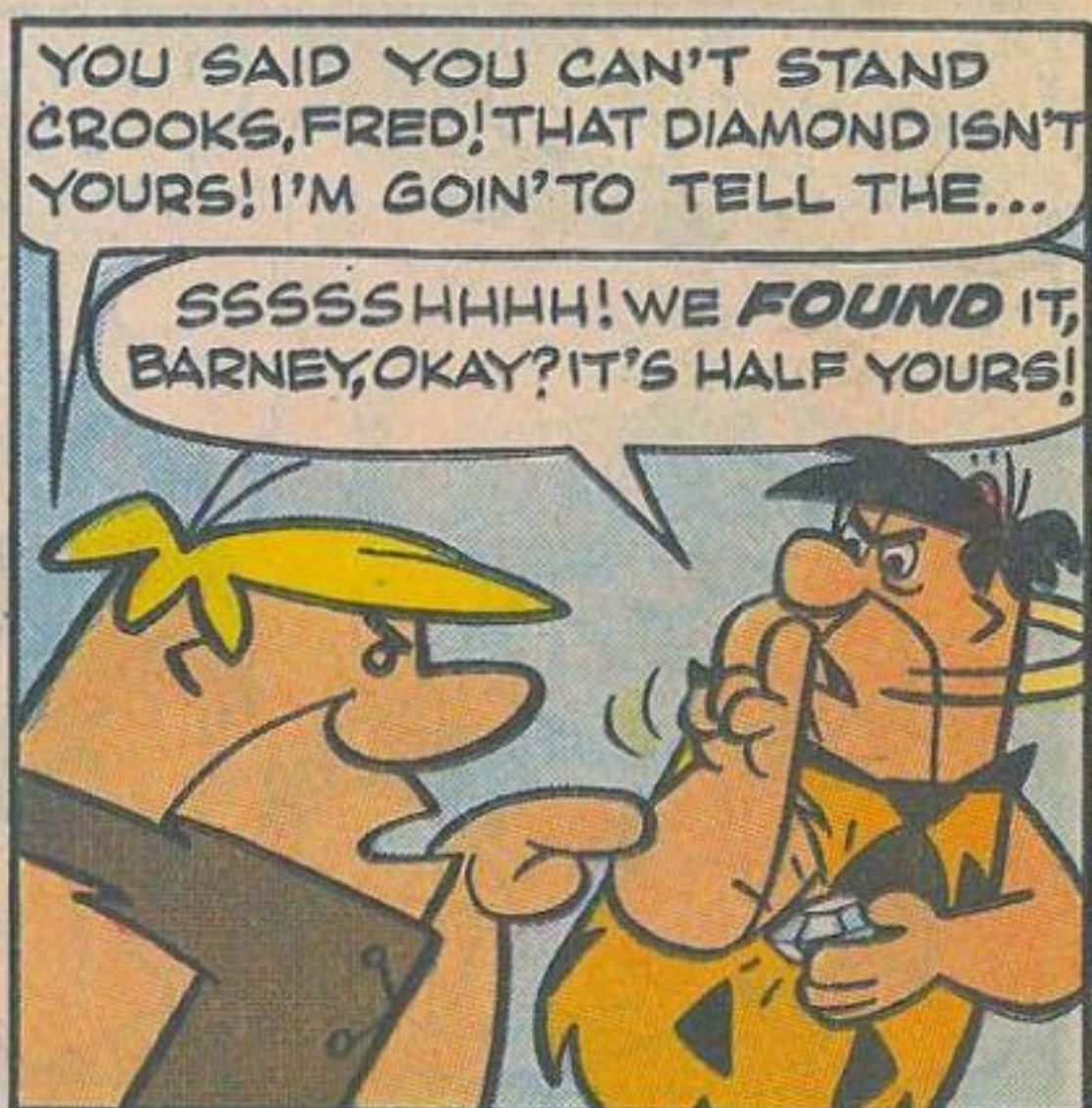


HEY, LOOK,  
FRED... THEY  
DROPPED  
THIS!

I KNOW,  
I KNOW...







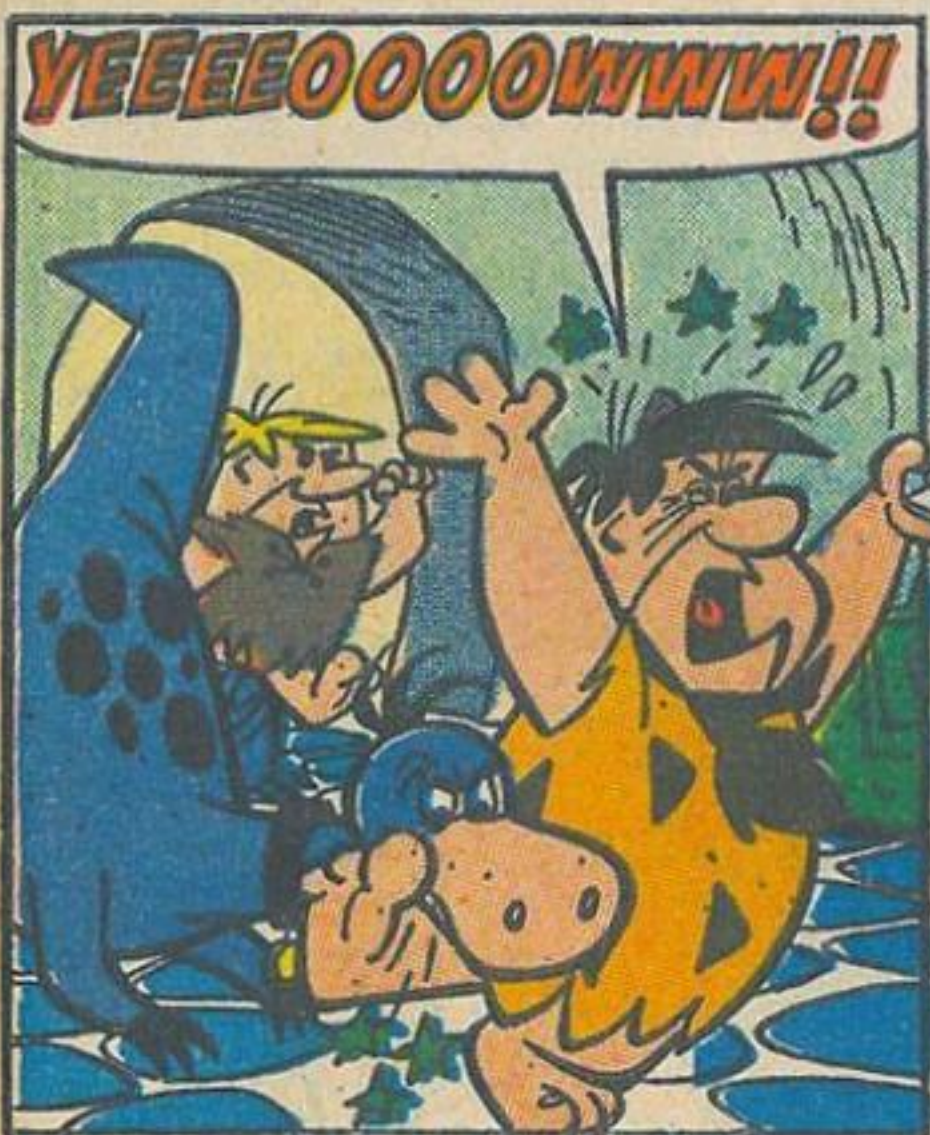






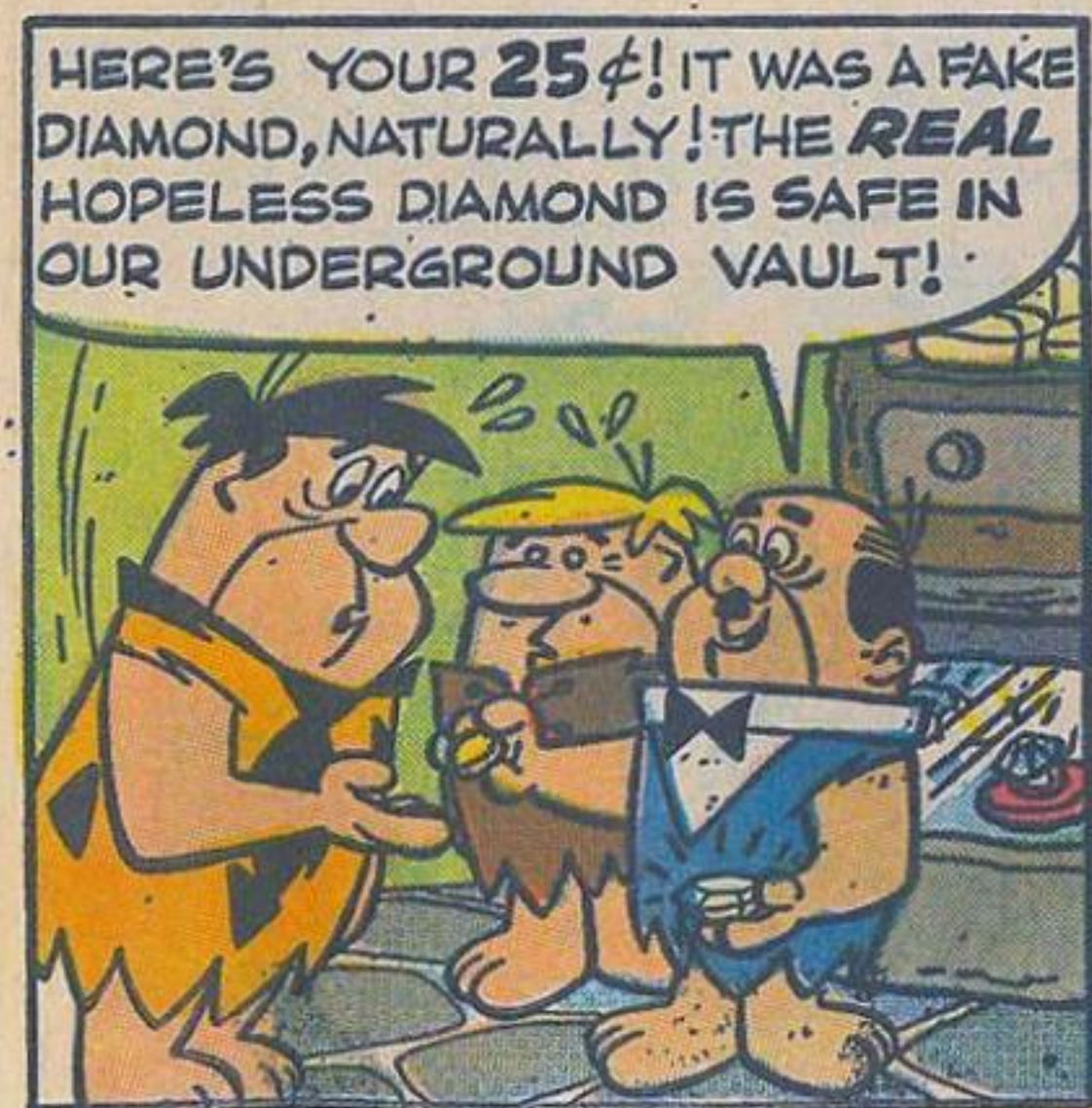






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# DINO in

## "WHERE'S THE PAIN?"

